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# THE JOURNAL OF AMERICAN FOLK-LORE.

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## SOME SONGS TRADITIONAL IN THE UNITED STATES.<sup>1</sup>

BY ALBERT H. TOLMAN.

FOR some years the writer has been trying to get copies of the various songs to be found in this country in oral tradition. Some pupils have given friendly assistance, and most of the texts in his collection have been obtained by them. The material collected falls into four divisions, as follows: I. Older ballads (those in Child); II. Modern songs (excluding homiletic ballads and play-party songs); III. Homiletic ballads; IV. Play-party songs. The present paper will be concerned only with the first three of these divisions.

Under each ballad are indicated all the American copies that have appeared in print, so far as these are known to the writer. Some recent English texts that are not in Child are also pointed out, but no attempt is made to enumerate them all.

Four American scholars have published check-lists of the songs in their collections. These lists give valuable information, both positive and negative. A song not in Mr. Barry's list is sure not to be common in New England; one omitted from Professor Shearin's list cannot be common in the Kentucky mountains; one not mentioned in the list of Professor Belden can hardly be well known in Missouri; one not recorded by Professor Louise Pound is either unknown or rare in Nebraska and the Central West. If any ballad treated here is in one of these lists, the fact is indicated, unless reference is made instead to a published version of that collector.<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> [At the suggestion of Professor Tolman I have added a number of notes and reference (distinguished by brackets). Since it is obvious that many of the songs and ballads now orally current in America have passed through print and owe their circulation in large part to broadsides and song-books, numerous citations of such ephemeral publications have here been made,—merely, however, as specimens, and with no attempt at exhaustiveness. I take this opportunity to express my gratitude to Mr. H. L. Koopman, Librarian of Brown University, for his kindness in facilitating my use of the recent American broadsides and the unrivalled assemblage of American "songsters" in the great Harris Collection belonging to that institution.—G.L.K.]

<sup>2</sup> Professor Shearin's Syllabus is published by Transylvania University, Lexington, Ky.; Professor Pound's, by the Nebraska Academy of Sciences.

The following modern British collections are cited in this paper by title:

English County Songs, Lucy E. Broadwood and J. A. Fuller Maitland, London, 1893.

English Folk-Songs, Wm. Alexander Barrett, London, n. d., Novello.

English Minstrelsie, S. Baring-Gould, 8 vols., Edinburgh [1895 +]. (There are not many folk-songs in this collection.)

Folk-Songs from Dorset, H. E. D. Hammond, London, 1908, Novello.

Folk Songs from Somerset, Cecil J. Sharp and Charles L. Marson, five series, London, 1890-99.

A Garland of Country Song, S. Baring-Gould and H. Fleetwood Sheppard, London, 1895, Methuen.

Journal of the Folk-Song Society, 4 vols., London, 1899-1911. In progress.

The Minstrelsy of England, Alfred Moffat and Frank Kidson, London, 1901. (Not many folk-songs are included.)

Songs of the West, S. Baring-Gould and others, London, 2d ed. 1905, Methuen.

Traditional Tunes, Frank Kidson, Oxford, 1891.

It is a matter of regret that the airs cannot be printed with the texts here given. The present revival of interest in the folk-songs in England has come about mainly through a warm appreciation of the value of the folk-melodies. But the present collector has obtained only a few airs, and he is ignorant of the value of those.

The texts under Division I are arranged according to the numbers in Child's collection. In the case of any ballad of which a large number of American variants have already been published, it seems best not to print any text here, unless a copy has some very special interest. The texts given under II are placed in the alphabetical order of the titles.

The spelling and punctuation have usually been normalized; but the intention has been to retain all words and forms that are expressive or characteristic.

I am deeply grateful to Professor Kittredge for generous help in the preparation of this paper, and for his valuable annotations.

## I. OLDER SONGS

(THOSE IN CHILD'S COLLECTION).

### 4. LADY ISABEL AND THE ELF-KNIGHT.

American texts: Child iii, 496; this Journal, xviii, 132; xix, 232; xxii, 65, 374; xxiii, 374; xxiv, 333, 344; xxvii, 90; xxviii, 148. Barry and Belden variants are included above. Shearin lists four variants, p. 7.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup>[Three copies from Virginia have been printed in *The Focus* (Farmville, Va.), iv, 161-162, 212-214. The ballad may also be found in the *Red, White and Blue Songster* (New York, [1861]), pp. 212-213, and the *American Songster* (New York, Cozans), pp. 212-214 (both in the Brown University Library).]

Recent English texts: Journal of Folk-Song Society, iv, 116; Folk Songs from Somerset, No. 84.<sup>1</sup>

I have two variants, one from Virginia, one from New York. They resemble Child's E version.

## 12. LORD RANDAL.

American texts: Child i, 163; this Journal, xiii, 115 + (4 variants); xvi, 258 + (Barry, 6 v.); xviii, 195 + (Barry, 17 v.), 303; xxii, 376; xxiv, 345; Modern Language Notes, January, 1902, p. 6; Decennial Publications, University of Chicago, 1903, vol. vii, p. 140. See C. Alphonso Smith, Musical Quarterly, January, 1916, pp. 5, 19-20; Shearin, p. 7; Pound, p. 9.<sup>2</sup>

Recent English texts: Folk Songs from Somerset, Nos. 23, 24; Journal of Folk-Song Society, ii, 14 +; iii, 43. A Garland of Country Song, No. 38.<sup>3</sup>

I have three variants,—from Indiana, Ohio, and Texas. The Indiana copy, obtained by Mr. O. B. Sperlin, now of Tacoma, Wash., has such a vigorous close, that all the versions in Child seemed to him to end weakly:—

"Oh, what did you will to your sweetheart,  
 Johnnie Ramble my son?  
 Oh, what did you will to your sweetheart,  
 My own dear little one?"  
 "All hell and damnation, for to parch her soul brown;  
 For she is the one that has caused me lie down."

## 46. CAPTAIN WEDDERBURN'S COURTSHIP.

American texts of No. 46: this Journal, xxiii, 377; xxiv, 335 (Barry).

*Perry Merry Dictum Dominee (Allied to 46).*

This version was obtained from Miss Emma Schrader, Chicago, "as heard in Chebanse, Ill., about 1880." Two other texts received agree closely. Belden, No. 142.

Child prints an English version "from a manuscript assigned to the fifteenth century," also one that is more modern (i, 415 and *note*).<sup>4</sup>

<sup>1</sup> [Cf. Kidson, Traditional Tunes, pp. 27-29, 172; Gillington, Eight Hampshire Folk Songs, p. 4. The ballad is common in recent broadsides: see the following in the Harvard College Library,—25242.2, fol. 218 (J. Catnach); 25242.10.5 (5); 25242.11.5, fol. 62 (Disley, St. Giles); 25242.17, vol. viii, no. 126; 25242.26, fol. G, H (H. Such, no. 279).]

<sup>2</sup> [For other American copies see Focus, iii, 397 (December, 1913); iv, 51-52 (February, 1914); iv, 100 (March, 1914); C. E. Means, Outlook, lxiii, 121 (Sept. 9, 1899).]

<sup>3</sup> [See also Joyce, Old Irish Folk Music and Songs, 1909, pp. 394-395; Eriu, iii, 77; Gutch and Peacock, County Folk-Lore, v, 372 (from 8 N. & Q., vi, 427).]

<sup>4</sup> [See Mrs. Valentine, Nursery Rhymes, Tales, and Jingles, No. 304, pp. 171-172; [W. A. Wheeler], Mother Goose's Melodies, New York, 1877, pp. 53, 82-83; Folk-Lore Journal, 1885, iii, pp. 272-273; Miss M. H. Mason, Nursery Rhymes & Country Songs [1878], pp. 23-25 (2 copies); Baring-Gould, A Book of Nursery Songs and Rhymes, No. 64, pp. 78-79 (cf. pp. 157-158); Crane, Baby's Bouquet.].

1. I had four brothers over the sea;  
Perry merry dictum dominee;  
And they each sent a present unto me.  
Partum quartum pere dicentum,  
Perry merry dictum dominee.
2. The first sent me cherries without any stones;  
Perry, etc.  
The second sent a chicken without any bones.  
Partum, etc.
3. The third sent a blanket that had no thread;  
The fourth sent a book that could not be read.
4. When the cherries are in blossom, they have no stones;  
When the chicken's in the egg, it has no bones.
5. When the blanket's in the fleece, it has no thread;  
Perry merry dictum dominee;  
When the book's in the press, it cannot be read.  
Partum quartum pere dicentum,  
Perry merry dictum dominee.

#### 49. THE TWA BROTHERS.

American texts: Child, i, 443; this Journal, xxvi, 361. Shearin lists a variant called "Little Willie." Pound, p. 10.

The following version is from O. B. Sperlin, Tacoma, Wash. It was learned in 1884 from William Costlow, near Kokomo, Ind., who "said that it was a true story, for he knew of some one who knew the family in which it occurred."

1. Two little boys a-going to school,  
Two little boys they be,  
Two little boys a-going to school,  
To learn their A B C.
2. One says, "Johnnie, will you toss a ball?  
Or will you throw a stone?  
Or will you wrastle along with me,  
As we are going home?"
3. "Oh no," says Johnnie, "I'll not toss a ball,  
Nor either throw a stone,  
But I will wrastle along with you,  
As we are going home."
4. So they wrastled up and they wrastled down,  
And they wrastled all around;  
A little pen-knife ran in Johnnie's heart,  
Which gave a deadly wound.
5. "Oh, pick me up, my dearest little brother,  
And carry me to yonder tree;  
There I may lie, there I may die;  
Contented I shall be."

73. LORD THOMAS AND FAIR ANNET.

American texts: Child iii, 509; this Journal, xviii, 128 (Barry, 2 variants); xix, 235 (Belden, 4 v.); xx, 254; xxviii, 152; Decennial Publications University of Chicago, 1903, vol. vii, 140. Shearin lists 3 variants, p. 8. Pound, p. 11.<sup>1</sup>

An English variant with various tunes is in the Journal of Folk-Song Society, ii, 105.<sup>2</sup>

I have two copies from Virginia, two from Indiana, and one incomplete copy derived from Pennsylvania. It seems best to print here only the last of these.

*Lord Thomas and Fair Elendar.*

The only American version of this ballad in Child (reprinted from the Folk-Lore Journal, vii, 33, 1889) was taken "from the singing of a Virginian nurse-maid." Child speaks of "its amusing perversions." The most important perversion is the giving to "fair Ellinter" both the wealth and the beauty, so that "Lord Thomas" has no reason for choosing the brown girl, and his mother no reason for advising it. The following fragment shows that this form of the story had some currency. The fragment was obtained from Mrs. Deborah Stone, Winfield, Kan., in 1897. She learned it about 1840 from a school-teacher from Pennsylvania.

1. Lord Thomas he was a bold biler, sir,  
A biler, sir, was he;  
Fair Elendar being an accomplished young<sup>l</sup> lady,  
Lord Thomas he loved her dear<sup>l</sup>ly, dear<sup>l</sup>ly,  
Lord Thomas he loved her dear<sup>l</sup>ly.
2. "Go read me a riddle, dear mother," said he,  
"Go riddle it all in wool;  
It's whether I'll make fair Elendar my bride,  
Or bring me the brown girl home, home, home,  
Or bring me the brown girl home."
3. "Fair Elendar she has houses and lands,  
The brown girl she has none;  
Before I'll be bothered with such a great peasant,  
Go bring me the brown girl home, home, home,  
Go bring me the brown girl home."

. . . . .

<sup>1</sup> [Other American texts are printed in Forget Me Not Songster (New York, Nafis & Cornish), p. 236; Outlook, lxiii, 120 (Sept. 9, 1899); Berea Quarterly, vol. ix, no. 3, pp. 10-11 (April, 1905); Focus, iii, 204-206 (May, 1913); iv, 162 (April, 1914).]

<sup>2</sup> [See also Leather, Folk-Lore of Herefordshire, 1912, pp. 200-202. The Harvard College Library has several broadside copies: 25242.5.5 (169); 25242.11.5, fol. 5; 25242.17, vol. viii, no. 127 (Catnach), vol. ix, no. 237 (Bebbington, Manchester), and probably others.]

## 74. FAIR MARGARET AND SWEET WILLIAM.

American texts: Child, v, 293; this Journal, xix, 281 (Belden); xxiii, 381; xxviii, 154. Shearin lists four variants, p. 8. C. Alphonso Smith prints two melodies, *Musical Quarterly*, January, 1916, p. 18.

English texts: *Journal of Folk-Song Society*, ii, 289; iii, 64; Hammond, *Folk-Songs from Dorset*, p. 31.

I mention this ballad only to call attention to an excellent version from Kentucky which Mr. Julian Ralph brings into a short story, "The Transformation of Em Durham," in "*Harper's Monthly Magazine*," July, 1903, p. 272.

## 75. LORD LOVEL.

American texts: this Journal, xviii, 291 (Barry, 2 variants); xix, 283 (Belden, 2 v.). See C. Alphonso Smith, *Musical Quarterly*, January, 1916, p. 5. Shearin lists one text, p. 8, "Lord Lovely." One is reported by Child, v, 294. Pound, p. 9.

I have two variants,—one from Virginia; one, "Lord Lover," from Ohio.<sup>1</sup>

## 84. BONNY BARBARA ALLEN.

American texts: this Journal, vi, 132; xix, 285 (Belden, 6 variants); xx, 150; xxii, 63; xxviii, 144 (2 v.; in the second, "Barbry Allen" is a man). C. Alphonso Smith, *Musical Quarterly*, January, 1916, pp. 4, 12-14, 20-21. Shearin lists six variants, p. 8. Barry, some years ago, had "six melodies," certainly representing a number of texts. Pound, p. 9.<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> [A Virginian copy is given in *The Focus*, iv, 215-216 (May, 1914). The ballad has often been printed in America: for example, in *The New Song Book* (Hartford, Conn., 1836), pp. 20-21; *The Singer's Own Book* (Woodstock, Vt., 1838), p. 9; *The New Pocket Song Book* (New York, Leavitt & Allen [ca. 1860]), p. 20; *Beadle's Dime Songs of the Olden Time* (New York, copyright, 1863), pp. 13-14; *Guiding Star Songster* (New York, copyright, 1865), pp. 84-85; New York, broadside ca. 1855, J. Andrews, list 4, no. 84; New York, broadside ca. 1860, H. de Marsan. There are five MS. American copies among the Child MSS. in the Harvard College Library. For specimens of recent English broadside texts see (in the same library) Child Broadside, Such, no. 253; 25242.17, vol. ix, no. 12 (Manchester, Bebbington). Cf. Davidson's *Universal Melodist*, i, 148; 11 N. & Q., v, 115, 171, 217, 296; Sarah Hewett, *Nummits and Crummits*, 1900, pp. 188-190. For the comic version "as sung by Sam Cowel" see broadside in Harvard College Library 25242.28.]

<sup>2</sup> [For other American texts from singing or recitation see *Harper's Magazine*, June, 1888; *University of Virginia Magazine*, April, 1913, pp. 329-335; *Focus*, iii, 445-447 (January, 1914), iv, 101-102 (March, 1914), 160-161 (April, 1914). Most of the texts of this ballad current in the United States have undoubtedly passed through print. Examples of printed American copies are: *The Southern Warbler*, Charleston, S.C., 1845, pp. 275-276; *The Virginia Warbler*, Richmond, 1845, pp. 275-276; *The Pearl Songster*, N.Y., C. P. Huestis, 1846, pp. 104-106; *Forget Me Not Songster*, N.Y., Nafis & Cornish, p. 142; *Forget-Me-Not Songster*, Philadelphia, Turner & Fisher, pp. 129-130; *Beadle's Dime Songs of the Olden Time*, N. Y., copyright 1863, pp. 38-40; broadside, N.Y., H. J. Wehman, no. 395, as late as 1880 (Harvard College Library, 25241.29). Examples of recent English broadsides (same library) are: (1) 25242.17, vol. v, no. 112, probably Cad-

English texts: Folk Songs from Somerset, No. 22; Journal of the Folk-Song Society, i, 111, 265-267; ii, 15 +; Minstrelsy of England, p. 132.

The rose-and-brier conclusion is common in the texts of this song, though somewhat inappropriate.

I have four texts, — one each from Virginia and Illinois, and two from Indiana. The first of these is printed below.<sup>1</sup>

*Barbara Ellen.*

The following text comes through Miss Emma F. Pope, Petersburg, Va., from Mrs. Eubank, Ashland, Va. Taken down by her granddaughter.

The triple parallelism with climax in stanzas 3-5 is noteworthy.

1. "In Scotland was I bred and born;  
In Yorkshire was my dwelling;  
And there I fell in love with a pretty fair maid,  
And her name was Barbara Ellen.
2. "I sent a boy down to her house,  
To the house that she did dwell in;  
I sent him to her father's house.  
Her name was Barbara Ellen."<sup>2</sup>
3. "Look up, look up at my bed-head,  
You'll see a napkin hanging;  
In that you'll find a gold watch and chain,  
And that's for Barbara Ellen.
4. "Look down, look down at my bed-foot,  
You'll see a trunk a-standing;  
It's full of gold and jewelry,  
And that's for Barbara Ellen.
5. "Look down, look down at my bed-side,  
You'll see a bowl o'erflowing;  
And in that bowl there's my heart's blood,  
That's shed for Barbara Ellen."
6. So slowly she put on her clothes;  
So slowly she went walking;  
So slowly, as she crossed the field,  
She met the corpse a-coming.

man (equivalent to Child's A); (2) same, vol. v, no. 163, Catnach (a later form of Child's B); (3) same, vol. ix, no. 201, Bebbington, Manchester (same text as 1); (4) same, vol. xii, no. 53 = Child Broadside, Such, no. 208 (same text as 2). The broadside formerly belonging to Percy (Child's Bc) is 25245.36, vol. i, fol. 12.]

<sup>1</sup> [This resembles in some respects the version in Buchan's MSS. and Motherwell's MS. reported by Child, ii, 276, but is very different.]

<sup>2</sup> There seems to be an omission between stanzas 2 and 3, though none is indicated in the type-written copy before me.



7. "Oh, lay him down, oh, lay him down,  
That I may gaze upon him."  
The more she gazed, and still she gazed,  
She could not keep from smiling.
8. The young men cried out, "Oh fie! for shame  
Hard-hearted Barbara Ellen!  
There's many a wealthy squire died  
For cruel Barbara Ellen."
9. She went down into yonder vale;  
She could hear the dead-bell's knelling.  
And every toll it seemed to say,  
"Hard-hearted Barbara Ellen!"
10. "Oh, father, father! dig my grave,  
And dig it deep and narrow;  
For a young man died for me to-day,  
I'll die for him to-morrow."
11. On the one was buried a red rose bud,  
[On] the other, a sweet brier;  
And they grew and they grew to the church-steeple top,  
Till they could grow no higher.  
There they twined in a true-lover's knot,  
For all true lovers to admire.

## 93. LAMKIN.

American texts: Child, v, 295; we learn about another American variant at iii, 515; this *Journal*, xiii, 117.

English texts: *Journal of Folk-Song Society*, i, 212; ii, 111.<sup>1</sup>

*False Lambkin.*

This version was obtained through Miss Mary O. Eddy from Miss Jane Goon, both of Perrysville, O. It is the only full American version that I know of.<sup>2</sup>

1. False Lambkin was a mason,  
As good as ever laid stone;  
He built Lord Arnold's castle,  
And the Lord paid him none.
2. False Lambkin he swore  
That revenged he would be  
On Lord Arnold's castle,  
Or on his family.

<sup>1</sup> [Also Leather, *Folk-Lore of Herefordshire*, 1912, pp. 199-200. "Lamkin" occurs among broadsides issued by Pitts (Harvard College, 25242.2, fol. 162; cf. 25242.7, p. 55, and 25242.25, p. 52).]

<sup>2</sup> [A version from Michigan in the MS. collection of Mr. Bertrand L. Jones closely resembles this text. Mr. Jones prints the first stanza of his copy in the *Kalamazoo Normal Record*, May, 1914 (Western State Normal School, Kalamazoo).]

3. Said the Lord to his Lady,  
    "I'm going from home;  
And what would you do,  
    If False Lambkin should come?"
4. "Oh, I fear not False Lambkin,  
    Nor more of his kind;  
For I'll keep my doors fastened,  
    And my windows pinned in."
5. So she kept her doors fastened,  
    And her windows pinned in,  
All except one kitchen window,  
    Where Lambkin came in.
6. "Oh, where is Lord Arnold?  
    Is he not at home?"  
    "No; he[s] gone to old Ireland  
    To see his dear son."
7. "Oh, where is his Lady?  
    Has she gone along?"  
    "No; she's in her chamber,  
    Where no man can get in."
8. "Oh, what shall I do,  
    That I may get in?"  
    "You must pierce this little babe's heart  
    With your silver bodkin."
9. So he pierced the little babe's heart,  
    Till the blood did spin  
Out into the cradle.  
    So falsely she did sing:
10. "Oh, hushy-by baby.  
    Oh, what aileth thee?  
Come down, loving mistress;  
    Oh, come down and see."
11. "Oh, how can I come down  
    So late in the night,  
When there is no moon a-shining,  
    Nor stars to give light?"
12. "Oh, your [you've?] seven bright lanterns,  
    As bright as the sun.  
Come down, loving mistress;  
    Oh, come down by one."
13. She had not advanced  
    But steps two or three,  
Till she spied False Lambkin  
    A-standing close by.

14. "Oh, spare me, False Lambkin;  
And I will go back,  
And get you all the money  
You can carry in your sack."
15. "I want none of your money,  
Nor nothing that I know,  
That will spare this bright sword  
From your neck white as snow."
16. "Oh, spare me, False Lambkin;  
Oh, spare me one hour;  
And I'll call down daughter Betsey,  
The queen of the bower."
17. "Go, call down daughter Betsey,  
So neat and so clean,  
To hold the silver basin  
To catch your blood in."
18. "Daughter Betsey, stay up  
In your chamber so high,  
Till you see your dear father  
In a ship sailing nigh."
19. Daughter Betsey staid up  
In her chamber so high,  
Till she saw her dear father  
In a ship sailing nigh.
20. When Lord Arnold came to the castle  
And opened the door,  
He saw his companion  
Lying dead on the floor.
21. False Lambkin was hung  
On a gallows so high;  
And the false nurse was burnt  
To a stake standing by.

## 155. SIR HUGH, OR, THE JEW'S DAUGHTER.

American texts: G, H, and N in Child were obtained in the United States; H. E. K[rebhiel] printed three variants with the music in the N. Y. Tribune, Sunday, Aug. 17, 1902 (one reprinted in this Journal, xv, 195); this Journal, xix, 293 (Belden, 2 variants); The University of Virginia Magazine, December, 1912, p. 115; C. Alphonso Smith, Musical Quarterly, January, 1916, 15-16 (3 melodies and the text last indicated). Shearin lists 2 variants, p. 8.<sup>1</sup>

English texts: Folk Songs from Somerset, No. 68; Journal of Folk-Song Society, i, 264.<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> [A text in The Focus, iii, 396-397, 399 (December, 1913), is closely related to that printed below.]

<sup>2</sup> [Baring-Gould, A Book of Nursery Songs and Rhymes, 1895, no. 76, pp. 92-95; Gutch and Peacock, County Folk-Lore, v, 382, 384-386.]

[*The Jewish Lady.*]

This version came through Mrs. Pearl H. Bartholomew from Mrs. Flo Keller, both of Warren, Ind.

1. It rained a mist, it rained a mist,  
It rained all over the land;  
Till all the boys throughout the town  
Went out to toss their ball, ball, ball,  
Went out to toss their ball.
2. At first they tossed their ball too high,  
And then again too low,  
Till over in the Jewish garden it fell,  
Where no one was darst to go, go, go,  
Where no one was darst to go.
3. Out came a Jewish lady,  
All dressed so gay and fine.  
"Come in, my pretty little boy," she said,  
"And you shall have your ball, ball, ball,  
And you shall have your ball."
4. At first she showed him a yellow apple dish,<sup>1</sup>  
And a gay gold ring,  
And then a cherry as red as blood,  
To entice this little boy in, in, in,  
To entice this little boy in.
5. She took him by his little white hand,  
And led him through the hall,  
And then unto a cellar so deep,  
Where no one could hear him lament, lament,  
Where no one could hear him lament.
6. "If any my playmates should call for me,  
You may tell them that I'm asleep;  
But if my mother should call for me,  
You may tell her that I am dead,  
And buried with a prayer-book at my feet,  
And a bible at my head, head, head,  
And a bible at my head."

[Mr. S. M. Clement gave me the following copy in March, 1914, with this note: "The following ballad was taken down by me, exactly as sung by Mr. Ludlow S. Bull (Yale, 1907). He told me, when he gave me the words, that he had never seen them in print, but that his mother had often sung them to him when he was a child. She in turn had heard them sung to her by her mother. I think the family lived in Connecticut originally."—G. L. K.]

<sup>1</sup> Or dish apple.

[*The Jew's Maiden.*]

1. There was a little boy,  
Who tossed his ball so high;  
There was a little boy,  
Who tossed his ball so low;
2. He tossed his ball so low,  
He tossed his ball so high,  
He tossed it into a merry Jew's garden,  
Where all the Jews do lie.
3. Then out came a merry Jew's maiden,  
All dressed up in green;  
"Come here, come here, my little boy,  
And fetch your ball again."
4. She enticed him with an apple,  
She enticed him with a pear,  
She enticed him with a cherry red,  
And so she enticed him there.
5. She led him through the garden,  
She led him through the hall,  
She led him through the kitchen,  
Amid the servants all.
6. She sat him on a chair of gold  
And gave him sugar sweet;  
She laid him on the dresser  
And killed him like a sheep.
7. She took him to the bedroom  
And laid him on the bed;  
She put a bible at his feet  
And a prayer-book at his head.
8. She put a prayer-book at his head  
And a bible at his feet;  
And all the people that passed by  
Thought the little boy was asleep.

274. OUR GOODMAN.<sup>1</sup>

An American text was printed by Mr. Barry in this *Journal*, xviii, 294. C. Alphonso Smith, *Musical Quarterly*, January, 1916, pp. 4, 16-18 (3 melodies and a fragment).

<sup>1</sup> [The currency of one or another form of the ballad in print must have been considerable. In modern broadsides it is called "The Unhappy Couple" (Harvard College Library, 25242.4, vol. i, p. 98, C. Croshaw, York; same in 25242.24, p. 93) or "The Merry Cuckold and Kind Wife" (see Harvard 25243.3, fol. 117). Cf. Robert Ford, *Vagabond Songs and Ballads of Scotland*, ii, 31-36 (with mention of "Cousin Mackintosh"). Cf. John Galt, *The Entail*, ch. 72 (Works ed. Meldrum, Edinb., 1895, iii, 119): "As blin' as

A noteworthy English version is No. 30, "Old Witchet," in *Songs of the West* (Devon and Cornwall), collected by S. Baring-Gould and others, 2d ed., 1905, Methuen.

I have a text taken down in Kansas from a Mrs. Ferguson, who was born in Scotland.

## II. MODERN SONGS

(EXCLUDING HOMILETIC BALLADS AND PLAY-PARTY SONGS).

Most of the ballads in this division of the paper are believed to be of British origin. Usually the existence of one or more British texts makes the fact certain, regardless of internal evidence. But the following songs, printed in full or commented upon in this section, are supposed to have originated in America, presumably in the United States:—

Jesse James.	An Old Man Came to See Me (?)
The Lazy Man.	Springfield Mountain.
The Little Family (?)	Young Charlotte.
McAfee's Confession.	

### BALLAD OF THE THREE.

In Miss Pound's list, p. 77.

This ballad is given as sung by Benjamin Crisler, deceased, to his children from fifty-five to seventy years ago. Mr. Crisler was born in Boone County, Kentucky. "The last verse, entirely forgotten, explained how the three could have been saved if they had been able to sing."<sup>1</sup>

This text was contributed by Miss Marietta Crisler, 2976 So. Park Avenue, Chicago.

the silly blind bodie that his wife gart believe her gallant's horse was a milch cow sent frae her minny." As to the currency of the ballad in New England, see Whittier's essay "Yankee Gypsies," in which "a wandering Scotchman" sings part of it. The piece printed by Child (v, 95), "'Twas on Christmas Day," was further developed as a combined song and recitation by E. J. B. Box, and his version ("Christmas Nuptials; or, Matrimonial Discipline") is given (with an illustration by Cruikshank) in Davidson's *Universal Melodist*, Lond., 1834, iii, 65.]

<sup>1</sup> [There never *was* any such last stanza as that which Professor Tolman's informant says was forgotten. The text is merely an imperfect copy of a song once very familiar to college men and others. Its familiarity is oddly attested by the fact that the student song "Gin Sling" is to be sung to the tune of "Good Old Colony Times" according to Henry Randall White, *Carmina Collegensia*, Boston, cop. 1868, p. 24. For the correct text of "Good O. C. Times" see Edward W. White, *The Boston Melodeon*, vol. ii, cop. 1852, pp. 207-208. An English version is given by Sarah Hewett ("The Devil and the Tailor"), in *Nummits and Crummits*, Devonshire Customs, Characters, and Folk-Lore, 1900, p. 218 (it begins, "'Twas in King Henry's time").]

1. In the good old colony times,  
     When we were under the king,  
     Three roguish chaps fell into mishaps,  
     Because they could not sing,  
     Because they could not sing.  
     Three roguish chaps fell into mishaps,  
     Because they could not sing.
2. And one he was a miller,  
     And one he was a weaver,  
     And one he was a little tailor;  
     Three roguish chaps together,  
     Three roguish chaps together.  
     And one he was a little tailor;  
     Three roguish chaps together.
3. The miller he stole flour,  
     The weaver he stole yarn,  
     And the little tailor he stole broadcloth,  
     To keep the three rogues warm,  
     To keep the three rogues warm.  
     And the little tailor he stole broadcloth,  
     To keep the three rogues warm.
4. The miller was drowned in his flour;  
     The weaver was hung in his yarn;  
     And the sheriff got his paw on the little tailor,  
     With his broadcloth under his arm,  
     With his broadcloth under his arm.  
     And the sheriff got his paw on the little tailor,  
     With his broadcloth under his arm.

#### THE BRAMBLE BRIAR.<sup>1</sup>

American texts: this *Journal*, xx, 258; Belden, *The Sewanee Review*, April, 1911; Shearin, *The Sewanee Review*, July, 1911. Barry, No. 49.<sup>2</sup>

English texts: a broadside in Belden's article (above); *Journal of the Folk-Song Society*, ii, 42; *Folk Songs from Somerset*, No. 12.

I have a not very lucid copy from Ohio, of which I print only the opening stanza.

<sup>1</sup> [An H. J. Wehman broadside, no. 768, New York, is in the Harvard College Library.]

<sup>2</sup> [The general resemblance to *Decameron*, iv, 5 (Keats's "Isabella") is obvious, but it is doubtful if there is any historical connection, for the song lacks the real point of the story (see this *Journal*, xx, 258). "The Constant Farmer's Son" is also in *Journal of the Folk-Song Society*, i, 160-161, and in *Miss Broadwood, English Traditional Songs and Carols*, 1908, pp. 28-29 (cf. p. 116); see *Songs of the West*, iv, p. xxxiii. Harvard College has several broadsides of "The Constant Farmer's Son:"—25242.11.5, fol. 110 (duplicate in 25242.17, vol. vii, no. 86); 25242.17, vol. ii, no. 167 (Forth, Printer, Pocklington; duplicate in vol. iv, no. 211); vol. iv, no. 58 (J. Gilbert, Newcastle); vol. v, no. 32 (J. Cadman, Manchester, no. 415); vol. vii, no. 46; vol. xii, no. 140 (H. Such, no. 295), and probably others.]

In portly town there lived a merchant,  
Who had two sons and a daughter fair,  
And a prentice fond from a far intender,  
Who plowed the victories all over the main.

THE BUTCHER'S BOY.

The following was obtained by Miss Mary O. Eddy from Miss Jane Goon, both of Perrysville, O. Shearin's text (p. 24) lays the scene in New York; Barry's (No. 41), "in London city;" Belden's (No. 21), as here. Pound, p. 18.<sup>1</sup>

There is an English version in the *Journal of the Folk-Song Society*, ii, 159. It seems strange that this should begin, "In Jessie's city, oh, there did dwell."

1. New Jersey cit[y] where I did dwell,  
A butcher's boy I loved so well;  
He courted me my heart away,  
And then with me he would not stay.
2. There is a man in this same town,  
Where my love goes and sits him down,  
And there he takes strange girls on his knee,  
And tells to them what he did to me.
3. It's grief and pain to tell you why:  
Because they had more gold than I.  
But in time of need she will be as poor as I.
4. I went upstairs to make my bed,  
And nothing to my mother said.  
My mother she came up to me;  
"Oh, what[']s the matter, my daughter dear?"
5. O mother dear, it's, don't you know,  
It's grief and pain and sorrow, woe.  
Go get me a chair to sit me on,  
A pen and ink to write it down;  
And every line she dropped a tear,  
Calling home her Willie dear.
6. And when her father he came home,  
He says: "Where's my daughter gone?"  
He went up stairs, the door he broke;  
And there she hung upon a rope.
7. He took his knife and cut her down,  
And in her breast these words he found:  
"Oh! what a silly maid was I,  
To hang myself for a butcher's boy!

<sup>1</sup> [Barry prints the tune in this *Journal*, xxii, 78. See also Belden, this *Journal*, xxv, 13. A Virginian version of the words was published by Mr. W. H. Babcock in *Folk-Lore*, vii, 32.]



8. "Go dig my grave both wide and deep,  
Place marble stone at my head and feet,  
And on my breast a turtle dove,  
To show this world that I died for love."<sup>1</sup>

["The Butcher Boy," almost word for word identical with the text here printed, is found in an American broadside of about 1860 (H. de Marsan, New York, Harvard College, 25242.5.5 [138]). It was No. 8 in de Marsan's list No. 7,<sup>2</sup> and also in a New York broadside of 1880-90 ("Henry J. Wehman, Song Publisher," No. 302, Harvard College, 25241.29). The same piece is in "Journal of Folk-Song Society," II, 159-160. For the last four stanzas see "Early, Early all in the Spring" ("Journal of Folk-Song Society," II, 293-294).

The piece appears to be an amalgamation of "The Squire's Daughter"<sup>3</sup> (also known as "The Cruel Father, or, Deceived Maid"<sup>4</sup>) with "There is an Alehouse in Yonder Town" (well known as a student song in this country under the title "There is a Tavern in the Town").<sup>5</sup>

An absurdly confused (but quite singable) piece, "The Rambling Boy,"<sup>6</sup> concludes as follows: —

My father coming home at night,  
And asked for his heart's delight,  
He ran up stairs the door he broke  
And found her hanging in a rope.

He took a knife and cut her down,  
And in her bosom a note was found,  
Dig me a grave both wide and deep,  
And a marble stone to cover it.<sup>7</sup>

<sup>1</sup> These last four lines also conclude other English songs. See *Journal of Folk-Song Society*, II, 158-159; III, 188.

<sup>2</sup> The Brown University collection of Andrews and de Marsan broadsides has the list, from which the number can be ascertained.

<sup>3</sup> [Early nineteenth-century English broadside in Harvard College Library, 25242.5.5 (147), no. 7 ("W. Shelmerdine & Co. Printers, Manchester").]

<sup>4</sup> [Early nineteenth-century slip in Harvard College Library, 25242.2, fol. 65.]

<sup>5</sup> [*Journal of the Folk-Song Society*, I, 252-253; II, 168-169; *Leather, Folk-Lore of Herefordshire*, pp. 205-206 ("A Brisk Young Sailor"); cf. *Kidson, Traditional Tunes*, pp. 44-46; *Broadwood, Traditional Songs*, pp. 92-95.]

<sup>6</sup> [Pitt's broadside (Harvard College Library, 25242.2, fol. 120); cf. "I am a Rover" (*Kidson*, pp. 147-148). For the last stanza of "The Butcher Boy" see also *Journal of the Folk-Song Society*, II, 158; III, 188.]

<sup>7</sup> [Cf. a somewhat similar stanza (6) in "The Sailor's Tragedy" (this *Journal*, XXVI, 177). To the references there given add: *The Universal Songster*, London, 1834, II, 273; *The Lover's Harmony*, London, (ca. 1840), p. 278; *Gavin Greig, Folk-Song of the North-East, Peterhead*, 1914, no. cxxx.]

COMMON BILL.<sup>1</sup>

A fuller version is given in "English County Songs," p. 52. A text in this Journal, xxviii, 173. Perhaps named by Shearin, p. 29. Pound, p. 61. Obtained by Mrs. Pearl H. Bartholomew from Mrs. E. A. Thurston, both of Warren, Ind.

1. I will tell you of a fellow,  
Of a fellow I have seen,  
Who is not only a little verdant,  
But is altogether green.
2. And his name it isn't charming,  
For it's only Common Bill;  
And he wishes me to wed him,  
But I hardly think I will.
3. He was here last night to see me,  
And he made so long a stay,  
I began to think the blockhead  
Never meant to go away.
4. While the tears the creature wasted  
Were enough to turn a mill,  
As he begged me to accept him;  
But I hardly think I will.
5. I am sure I wouldn't choose him;  
But the very deuce is in it;  
He says, if I refuse him,  
That he couldn't live a minute.
6. And you know the blessed Bible  
Plainly says we must not kill;  
So I have thought the matter over,  
And I rather think I will.

DOG AND GUN.<sup>2</sup>

Cited under this title in Barry, No. 38, and in Belden, No. 45

<sup>1</sup> [There is a sort of counterpart (imitated from this piece) entitled "I hardly think I can," in which a man speaks (N. Y. broadside, H. de Marsan, *ca.* 1863, list 16, no. 48 (Brown University).]

<sup>2</sup> [Also known as "The Golden Glove" and "The Squire of Tamworth." Often printed: see Vocal Library, p. 571; Dixon, *Ancient Poems, Ballads, and Songs of the Peasantry of England*, Percy Society, 1846, pp. 106-108; same, as issued by Robert Bell, 1857, pp. 70-72, and later (under the title of *Ballads and Songs of the Peasantry of England*), pp. 70-72; Christie, *Traditional Ballad Airs*, ii, 114-115; Burne, *Shropshire Folk-Lore*, pp. 552-553; Addy, *Household Tales, etc.*, pp. 146-147 (re-printed thence in *County Folk-Lore*, vi, 182-183); garland in a collection formerly belonging to Heber, Harvard College, 25252.6, no. 14 ("The Golden Glove's Garland . . . Licen[s]ed and Entered according to Order"); Garland, Harvard College, 25276.19, vol. iv, nos. 1 and 10 ("Five Favourite Songs. Glasgow: Printed for the Booksellers"); broadsides,

(cf. this *Journal*, xxv, 12).<sup>1</sup> The title in Shearin, p. 11, is "The Golden Glove."

An English text is in "Traditional Tunes," p. 49. The song "has been much sung in all parts of the country."

The present text was obtained for me from Mrs. Deborah Stone, Winfield, Kan., in 1897. It was learned by her in Pennsylvania in 1842.

1. The wealthy young squire of Yarmouth of late,  
He courted a fair lady of very great estate;  
And for to be married it was their intent;  
Their friends and relations had gave their consent.  
And for to be married it was their intent;  
Their friends and relations had gave their consent.
2. The day was appointed the wedding to be;  
They called a young farmer to give her away.  
But instead of being married she took to her bed,  
The thoughts of the farmer still run in her head.  
But instead, etc.
3. The thoughts of the farmer run so in her mind,  
And the way for to get him she quickly did find;  
Both waistcoat and breeches this lady put on,  
And away she went a-hunting with her dog and gun.
4. She hunted all around where the farmer did dwell,  
For 'twas all in her heart that she loved him so well.  
She often did fire, but nothing could kill;  
Till at length the young farmer came into the field.
5. "Why ain't you at the wedding?" this lady she cried,  
"To wait upon the squire and hand him his bride?"  
"Well, now," says the farmer, "if the truth I must tell,  
I can't give her away, for I love her too well."
6. "Supposing this lady would grant you her love,  
And supposing the squire your ruin would prove?"  
"Well," said the farmer, "I'd take sword in hand,  
And by honor I would gain her, my life at his command."
7. It pleased this lady to see him so bold;  
She gave him a glove that was garnished with gold.  
She said that she had found it as she came along,  
As she was a-hunting with her dog and gun.

Harvard College—25242.17, vol. iii, no. 128 (Forth, Pocklington); vol. iv, no. 115 (John Gilbert, Newcastle-on-Tyne); vol. v, no. 52 (J. Cadman, Manchester); vol. vii, no. 15 (J. Catnach); vol. ix, no. 71 (John O. Bebbington, Manchester); vol. xii, no. 11 (H. Such).]

<sup>1</sup> [An American broadside of the early nineteenth century is in the Harvard College Library, 25242.5.10 (211). I have a New England copy (in MS.) the oral tradition of which reaches to a date before 1823.]

8. This lady went home with her heart full of love,  
And gave out a proclamation that she'd lost her glove;  
"And the man that will find it and bring it to me,  
Oh, the man that will find it, his bride I will be."
9. It pleased this farmer to hear all the news;  
Straightway to this lady the farmer he goes,  
Saying, "Dear honored lady, I've picked up your glove;  
And will you be pleased to grant me your love?"
10. "It's already granted," this lady she cried;  
"I love the sweet breath of the farmer," she replied;  
"I'll be mistress of his dairy and milker of his cows,  
While my jolly young farmer goes whistling to his plows.  
I'll be mistress," etc.

Barry prints only the following couplet:

Then after she was married, she told of the fun,  
How she hunted the farmer with her dog and gun.

FATHER GRUMBLE.

This title is given by Miss Pound to her text in this Journal, xxvi, 365-366. See full information there given by Professor Kittredge.<sup>1</sup> No. 50 in Belden, "Darby and Joan," is this story.

(a) [*The Old Man.*]

This version was written down recently by Mr. Jos. B. Tree, Richmond, Va., when eighty-seven years of age. It was obtained by Miss Emma F. Pope, Petersburg, Va.

1. There was an old man who lived in the woods,  
And that you will plainly see,  
Who said he could do more work in a day  
Than his wife could do in three.
2. "Very well," the old woman said,  
". . . . . and will allow;  
And you must stay at home to-day  
While I will follow the plow.
3. "You must milk the brindle cow,  
For fear she will go dry;  
And you must feed the little pigs  
That run within the sty.

<sup>1</sup> [Add: Robert Ford, *Song Histories*, 1900, pp. 39 ff. (discussion). For a Devonshire version see Sarah Hewett, *Nummits and Crummits*, 1900, pp. 200-201. A Scottish version (substantially A. Cunningham's) is printed in Delaney's *Scotch Song Book* No. 1, p. 22 (N. Y.).]

4. "And you must watch the speckled hen,  
For fear she will lay astray;  
And you must wind the spool of yarn  
That I spun yesterday."
5. The old woman took the stick in her hand,  
And went to follow the plow;  
The old man took the pail in his hand,  
And went to milk the cow.
6. "So, Jinny; ho, Jinny;  
Prithee, good cow stand still.  
I declare, if I milk thee again,  
'Twill be sorely against my will."
7. But Jinny winced, and Jinny flinched,  
And Jinny shook her nose,  
And gave the old man a kick in the face,  
And the blood ran down to his toes.
8. He went to feed the little pigs  
That run within the sty,  
And the old sow run between his legs,  
And threw him down in the mire.
9. He tangled up the spool of yarn  
His wife spun yesterday;  
And he forgot the speckled hen,  
And let her lay astray.
10. And the old man declared by the sun and the moon,  
And all the stars in heaven,  
His wife could do more work in one day  
Than he could do in seven.

(b) *Old Father Grumble.*

The following was obtained through Mrs. Pearl H. Bartholomew from Mrs. Ella Stanley, both of Warren, Ind.

1. Old Father Grumble he did say,  
And said it to be true,  
That he could do more work in a day  
Than his wife could do in two.
2. Old Mother Grumble she did say;  
And said it to be true,  
That he could do the work in the house,  
And she'd go follow the plow.
3. "Now you must feed the little wee pig  
That stands beneath the sty;  
And you must milk the brindle cow,  
Or she will go dry.

4. "Now you must churn the cream in the crock  
That stands beneath the frame;  
And you must watch the fat in the pot,  
Or it will all go in a flame.
5. "Now you must wind the spools of yarn  
That I spun yesterday;  
And you must feed the speckled hen,  
Or she will stray away.
6. "Now you must get the dinner too,  
And have it right on time;  
And don't forget to wring those clothes,  
And hang them on the line."
7. Then Mother Grumble took the whip,  
And went to follow the plow;  
And Father Grumble took the pail,  
And went to milk the cow.
8. The cow she kicked and lashed her tail,  
And rumped up her nose;  
She kicked poor Grumble on the shins,  
Till the blood run through to his toes.
9. He went to feed the little pig  
That stands beneath the sty;  
He knocked his head against a pole,  
And, my! how the wool did fly!
10. He went to churn the cream  
That stood beneath the frame;  
And he forgot the fat in the pot,  
And it all run in a flame.
11. He went to wind the spools of yarn  
His wife spun yesterday;  
And he forgot to feed the speckled hen,  
And she strayed away.
12. He went to get the dinner too,  
And have it right on time;  
And he forgot to wring the clothes,  
And hang them on the line.
13. Then Mother Grumble she came in;  
She looked sad and turned up her nose;  
She rolled up her sleeves,  
And says she, "I am very glad."

(c) *Old Grumbly.*

The version given below came through Mrs. Bartholomew, being the joint text of Mrs. Ella Taylor, Mrs. Jennie Huff, and Mrs. Belle Debra, all of Warren, Ind.

1. Old Grumbly he came in,  
As mad as he could be,  
Saying he, "I can do more work in a day  
Than my wife can do in three, three."  
Saying he, "I can do more work in a day  
Than my wife can do in three, three."
2. Mrs. Grumbly she came in,  
Saying, "Tell your troubles now;  
If you will do the work in the house,  
It's I'll go follow the plow, plow.  
If you will, etc.
3. "And you must milk old muley cow,  
For fear that she'll go dry;  
And you must feed the little pig  
That stands within the sty, sty.  
And you must feed, etc.
4. "And you must feed old speckled hen,  
For fear that she'll go way;  
And you must reel the spools of yarn  
That I spun yesterday, day.  
And you must reel, etc.
5. "And you must churn the cream  
That stands within the frame;  
And you must watch the fat in the pot,  
Or it will all run in a flame, flame.  
And you must watch," etc.
6. Mrs. Grumbly she took up the whip,  
And went to follow the plow.  
Old Grumbly he took up the pail,  
And went to milk the cow, cow.  
Old Grumbly, etc.
7. Old Muley she kicked up her heels,  
And hit him on the nose;  
And he begun to yell and scream,  
And the blood run to his toes, toes.  
And he begun, etc.
8. He went to feed old speckled hen,  
For fear that she'd go way;  
And he forgot to reel the yarn  
His wife spun yesterday, day.  
And he forgot, etc.
9. He went to feed the little pig  
That stands within the sty;  
He knocked his head against a post,  
And the hair begin to fly, fly.  
He knocked, etc.

10. He went to churn the cream  
That stood within the frame;  
And he forgot the fat in the pot,  
And it all run in a flame, flame.  
And he forgot, etc.
11. Old Grumbly he began to sigh<sup>1</sup>  
For the setting of the sun;<sup>1</sup>  
He thought it was the longest day,  
His wife would never come, come.  
He thought, etc.
12. Mrs. Grumbly she came in,  
And was feeling very sad.<sup>1</sup>  
She turned herself about the room,  
And said that she was glad, glad.  
She turned herself about the room,  
And said that she was glad, glad.

THE GARDEN GATE.<sup>2</sup>

This ballad is printed in "English County Songs," p. 72. I have a text from Indiana. It begins and ends, —

The day was past and the moon shone bright,  
The village clock struck eight,  
When Mary hastened with delight  
Unto the garden gate.

. . . . .  
And she blesses the hour that she did wait  
For her true love at the garden gate.

<sup>1</sup> This line we think hardly correct, but as near as we can get it.

<sup>2</sup> [The words are by W. Upton, the well-known song-writer (see S. J. Adair Fitz-Gerald, *Stories of Famous Songs*, 1898, p. 169). Often printed, as: *The Universal Songster*, London, 1834, i, 121; Davidson's *Universal Melodist*, London, 1848, ii, 401 (with W. T. Parke's music); Dixon, *Ancient Poems, Ballads, and Songs of the Peasantry*, Percy Society, 1846, no. 32, pp. 226-227; Bell, *Ballads and Songs of the Peasantry*, pp. 221-223; Gavin Greig, *Folk-Song of the North-East*, Peterhead, no. cxxiv (cf. no. lxxvii); P. W. Joyce, *Old Irish Folk Music and Songs*, 1909, pp. 280-281 (tune only); *The Pearl Songster*, N. Y., C. P. Huestis, 1846, p. 39; *The New Popular Forget-Me-Not Songster*, Cincinnati, Lorenzo Stratton, pp. 116-117. Harvard College has many broadside or slip copies: — J. Pitts (25242.2, fol. 129); J. Catnach (25242.2, fol. 183); J. Catnach, a different edition (25242.11.5, fol. 49; also 25242.17, vol. v, no. 134); J. Livsey, Manchester (25242.17, vol. iii, no. 76); John Gilbert, Newcastle (same, vol. iv, no. 118); Forth, Pocklington (vol. iv, no. 181); Cadman, Manchester (vol. v, no. 66); Bebbington, Manchester (vol. x, no. 47); H. Such (vol. xi, no. 143; another edition 25242.26, p. 28); T. Birt (25242.24, p. 19). Brown University has this song in a N. Y. broadside of about 1860 (H. de Marsan, list II, no. 27).]



## THE IRISH LADY.

I have an Indiana text, "learned more than sixty years ago." Professor Kittredge points out that my copy agrees very closely with "Sally," printed by Mr. Barry in this *Journal*, xxvii (1914), 73-74.<sup>1</sup>

JESSE JAMES.<sup>2</sup>

Belden, No. 75; Shearin, p. 16; Pound, p. 34.

In a review of Professor Lomax's "Cowboy Songs" in "The Dial," April 1, 1911, I wrote as follows: "One ballad glorifies Jesse James. It is somewhat widely known. Miss Louise R. Bascom tells us, in the *Journal of American Folk-Lore* for 1909, that the heroic ballads of Western North Carolina 'cluster for the most part around Jesse James.' The song which she prints has much in common with that in Lomax. I have heard before of the existence of a group of ballads about Jesse James. [This refers to an account given me by a friend, of a lecture by Professor E. C. Perrow.] I am inclined to conjecture that some of the other songs of outlaw life have been transferred to Jesse James. We know that some English ballads became attached to Robin Hood that did not originally concern him."

Since the above was written, Professor Perrow has published in this *Journal* a large body of songs from the region of the southern Appalachian Mountains. Those about Jesse James are in Volume xxv (1912), pp. 145-150. These various songs and fragments establish the truth of the claim which Professor Perrow makes in a personal letter, that "there is a group of independent songs current in the South concerning Jesse James." The ballad of "Jack Middleton," one of those printed, has been given an external connection with Jesse James, somewhat as the B version of No. 103 in Child, "Rose the Red and White Lily," has been brought into external connection with Robin Hood. But it is not known to me that any song about an exploit of some other outlaw has been *transferred* to Jesse James. In the C version of "Rose the Red and White Lily," Robin Hood and Little John become the lovers and then the husbands of the two girls. My conjecture in "The Dial" was probably too bold.

## JOHNNY SANDS.

Belden, No. 47, summarizes the story as follows: "Johnny, after a quarrel with his wife, wishes he were dead. She agrees. They

<sup>1</sup> [This is "Sally and her Truelove Billy," known in broadsides (Harvard, 25242.17, vol. vii, no. 55; 25242.25, p. 87, Pitts; 25242.27, p. 281). It is also printed by Christie, *Traditional Ballads*, ii, 240-241 ("The Bold Sailor"); by Ashton, *Real Sailor Songs*, no. 70 ("Sally and Billy"); and by Gavin Greig, *Folk-Song of the North-East*, Peterhead, no. lxxix ("The Sailor from Dover").]

<sup>2</sup> [As to Robert Ford and James, see N. C. Goodwin, *Nat Goodwin's Book* (1914), pp. 284-285.]

go to the river, where he asks her to tie his hands and push him in. When she rushes at him to push him in, he steps aside and in *she* goes. She begs him to help her out, but he answers, 'I can't, you've tied my hands.'"

Perrow has printed a text in this Journal, xxviii, 174. Pound, p. 57. I have a text from Indiana.

Nearly a half-century ago I heard a version of the above story recited by a poet of western Massachusetts as his own composition. Following the prayer of the drowning wife for help, this poem ended with these words from the husband:

"I would, but you my hands have tied.  
Heaven help you!"<sup>1</sup>

[*The Old Woman of Slapsadam.*]<sup>2</sup>

Shearin's "The Old Woman of London," p. 10, corresponds very closely to the following song.

While the agreement of this ballad with that of "Johnny Sands," summarized above, is striking, yet it is clear that the two stories should be carefully distinguished.

This text was obtained from Mrs. Martin Trumpower by Miss Mary O. Eddy, both of Perrysville, O.

1. There was an old woman in Slapsadam,  
In Slapsadam did dwell.  
She loved her old man dearly,  
But another one twice as well.

<sup>1</sup> [Though founded on a folk-tale, the song of "Johnny Sands" is literary and hardly older than the 40's of the nineteenth century. It achieved enormous vogue in this country by forming part of the repertory of the Hutchinson Family, the Continental Vocalists, and other singing "troupes." It may be found in many books, e.g.,—The Granite Songster, containing the Poetry as Sung by the Hutchinson Family at their Concerts, Boston, 1847, pp. 55-56; John A. Sterry, The Continental Vocalists' Glee Book, Boston, cop. 1855, pp. 66-68 (with music); I. B. Woodbury, The Home Melodist, Boston, cop. 1859, p. 49 (with music); Charles Jarvis, The Young Folks' Glee Book, Boston, cop. 1856, pp. 20-22 (with music); The Shilling Song Book, N. Y., Dexter & Co., cop. 1860, p. 74; Uncle Sam's Army Songster, Indianapolis, cop. 1862, p. 17; Dan Kelly's Songster, N. Y., Frederick A. Brady, cop. 1869, pp. 55-56. It was printed as a broadside by J. A. Johnson, a noted song-publisher of Philadelphia, and by J. Andrews (ca. 1855), N. Y., list 5, no. 26 (Brown University Library). A very recent occurrence of the text is in Delaney's Irish Song Book No. 2, p. 22 (N. Y.). Harvard College has a broadside text from Ireland (25242.5.5.<sup>184</sup><sub>21</sub>), and at least two from England,—25242.17, vol. v, no. 195 (Ryle and Co., Seven Dials); vol. x, no. 216 (J. Bebbington, Manchester). I have copies in MS. (one from Massachusetts), and have seen a copy from Michigan (in the MS. collection of Mr. Bertrand L. Jones).—G. L. K.]

<sup>2</sup> [There is a copy (in MS.), contributed to Child by William Walker of Aberdeen in the Child MSS. (Harvard College Library), vol. ii, p. 216 ("The Wife of Kelso"). Another Scottish copy is given by Gavin Greig, xii ("The Wily Auld Carle").]

2. She went unto the doctor's,  
To see if she could find,  
By some good means or other,  
To make her old man blind.
3. She went and got some marrowbone,  
And fed it to him all.  
Says he: "Oh, my beloved wife!  
I can't see you at all."
4. Says he: "I'd go and drown myself,  
If I could find the way."  
Says she: "I'll go along with you,  
For fear you'll go astray."
5. So hand in hand they walked along,  
Until they came to the shore.  
Says he: "Oh, my beloved wife!  
You'll have to push me o'er."
6. The old woman stepped back a step or two,  
To run and push him in;  
The old man he stepped to one side,  
And headlong she went in.
7. The old man being tender-hearted,  
For fear she'd swim to the shore,  
He went and got a great long pole,  
And pushed her further o'er.
8. And now my song is ended;  
I can't sing any more.  
But wasn't she a darned old fool,  
She didn't swim to shore?

#### THE LADY LE ROY.

The following was taken down by Miss Pearl P. Payne, Vermilion, S.D., from Mrs. Harriet E. Gray of Chicago.

The young woman's disguise in the second stanza seems to be solely for the purpose of purchasing a vessel from her own father. The captain with whom she sails away in the third stanza must be her lover, "the young captain" who is triumphant at the close.

1. I spied a fair couple on old Ireland[']s shore,  
A-viewing the ocean where the billows do roar.  
He says: "Dearest Sally, it's you I adore,  
And to go and leave you grieves my heart sore."
2. She dressed herself up in a suit of men's clothes,  
And straight to her father she then did go.  
She purchased a vessel, paid down the demands;  
But little he knew 'twas from his own daughter's hands.

3. Straight to her captain she then did go.  
"Get ready, get ready; no time to lose!"  
They hoisted their top-sails, their colors let fly,  
And over the ocean sailed Lady Le Roy.
4. But when her old father came to understand,  
He vowed revenge on this unworthy young man;  
And as for his daughter, she should ne'er be his wife,  
And for her disobedience he would end her sweet life.
5. And straight to his captain he then did go.  
"Get ready, get ready; no time to lose!"  
They hoisted their top-sails, their colors let fly.  
He swore by his Maker he'd conquer or die.
6. They had not been sailing o'er a week or ten days,  
When the wind from the northwest blew a sweet pleasant gale.  
They spied a ship sailing, which filled them with joy,  
And they did hail her; she was Lady Le Roy.
7. It's broadside to broadside they then did go;  
And louder, then louder, the cannon did roar.  
Till at length the young captain he gained victory.  
Hurrah for the thing they call sweet liberty!
8. "Go back to old Ireland, and there let them know  
That we'll not be taken by friend nor by foe.  
We wish you much pleasure, long life to enjoy;  
But you've lost all the prospects of the Lady Le Roy."

THE LAZY MAN.

No. 106 in Belden's list. Barry, No. 72. Pound, p. 58.

This was obtained about 1906, by Mr O. B. Sperlin, Tacoma, Wash., then of Kokomo, Ind., from the singing of his mother. "None of the people who used to sing it ever saw it in print." I have a second text, also from Indiana.

1. Come, all my good people, and listen to my song;  
I'll sing you of a lazy man that wouldn't tend his corn.  
The reason why I cannot tell,  
For this young man was always well.
2. He went to the fence and peeped therein;  
The chinkey-pin bush as high as his chin.  
The weeds and grass they grew so high  
They often made this young man to cry.
3. In July his corn was knee-high;  
And in September he laid it by;  
And in October there came a large frost,  
And all this young man's corn was lost.

4. He went to his nearest neighbor's house,  
A-courting as you may suppose;  
And in conversation this question came around:  
Says she: "Young man, have you hoed your corn?"
5. This young man made a quick reply.  
"Oh, no," says he, "for I've laid it by.  
It ain't no use to strive and strive in vain,  
For I can't raise a single grain."
6. "Oh, then, kind sir, why do you wish for to wed,  
When you can't raise your own cornbread?  
Single I am and single I remain;  
The lazy man I never will maintain."

#### THE LITTLE FAMILY.

No. 38 in Belden's list. Cf. this Journal, xxv, 17.

The stanzas given below, obtained by Miss Mary O. Eddy from Miss Jane Goon, both of Perrysville, O., were "learned at school from the singing of other children;" they may well be derived from a published poem.

1. There was a little family  
Who lived in Bethany;  
Two sisters and a brother  
Composed this family.
2. With prayer and with singing,  
Like angels in the sky,  
At morning and at evening,  
They raised their voices high.
3. Though poor and without money,  
Their kindness made amend;  
Their house was always open  
To Jesus and his friend.
4. And thus they lived so happy,  
So poor, so kind, so good.  
Their brother grew afflicted  
And drew a thrown a bed. (?)
5. Poor Martha and her sister,  
They wept aloud and cried;  
But still he grew no better,  
But lingered on and died.
6. The Jews came to the sisters,  
But Lazreth in the tomb,  
And tried for them to comfort,  
And drive away their gloom.

7. When Jesus heard these tidings,  
    Though in a distant land,  
    How quickly did he travel  
    To join this lonely band!
8. When Martha saw him coming,  
    She met him in the way;  
    She told him that her brother  
    Had died and passed away.
9. He cherished and he blessed her,  
    He told her not to weep,  
    For in him was the power  
    To wake him from his sleep.
10. When Mary saw him coming,  
    She ran and met him too,  
    And at his feet fell weeping,  
    Rehearsed the tale of woe.
11. When Jesus saw her weeping,  
    He fell a-weeping too;  
    He wept until they showed him  
    Where Lazareth was in tomb.
12. They rolled away the cover,  
    He looked upon the grave,  
    He prayed unto his Father,  
    His loving friend to save.
13. Then Lazareth in full power  
    Came from the gloomy mound,  
    And in full strength and vigor  
    He walked upon the ground.
14. Now if we but love Jesus,  
    And do his holy will,  
    Like Martha and like Mary,  
    Do always use him well,
15. From death he will redeem us,  
    And take us to the skies,  
    Where we will reign forever,  
    Where pleasures never die.

THE LITTLE SPARROW.

I obtained the following through Mrs. Pearl H. Bartholomew from Mrs. Ella Taylor, both of Warren, Ind. Shearin, p. 26; Belden, No. 88.

Why a faithless lover should be called a "true love," and why the devoted maiden should wish to fly away to him, are not made clear.

1. I wish I was a little sparrow;  
I'd fly away from grief and sorrow;  
I'd fly away like a turtle dove;  
I'd fly away to my own true love.
2. 'Twas but last night he said to me:  
"I'll take you o'er the dark blue sea."  
But now he's gone, and left me alone,  
A single maid without a home.
3. Oh grief, oh grief! I'll tell you why:  
Because she has more gold than I;  
He takes that other girl on his knee,  
And tells her what he don't tell me.
4. I wish, I wish, but all in vain,  
That my true love would come back again.  
But then I know that will never be,  
Till the green, green grass grows over me.

#### THE LOVER'S LAMENT.

The following was obtained through Mrs. Pearl H. Bartholomew, from Mrs. Ella Taylor, both of Warren, Ind. Sung to Mrs. T. by her uncle over fifty years ago.<sup>1</sup>

1. Once I did court a lady beauty bright,  
And on her I placed my whole heart's delight.  
I courted her for love, and her love I did obtain;  
And I thought she had no reason at all to complain.  
And I thought she had no reason at all to complain.
2. But it's when her cruel parents came to know  
Their daughter and I together did go,  
They locked her in her chamber, and kept her so severe  
That I never never after got sight of my dear.  
That I never, etc.
3. Then I resolved to the war for to go,  
To see whether I could forget my love or no.  
But when I got there, with my armor shining bright,  
I took a steady thought on my own heart's delight.  
I took, etc.
4. For seven long years I served the good king;  
In seven long years I returned home again,  
With my heart so full of love and my eyes so full of tears,  
Saying, "How happy would I be to meet with my dear!"  
Saying, etc.

<sup>1</sup> [See another copy in this Journal, xxvi, 176.]

5. Then I resolved to her father's house to go,  
To see whether I could see my love or no.  
But it's when the old man saw me, he wrung his hands and cried,  
Saying, "My daughter loved you dearly and for your sake she died."  
Saying, etc.
6. Then I was struck like a man that was slain;  
Tears from my eyes flowed like showers of rain;  
Crying, "Oh, oh, oh! such grief I cannot bear.  
For my true love is in her grave, and I long to be there.  
For my true love," etc.
7. Then I resolved to my bed for to go,  
To see whether I could forget my love or no.  
But it's when I got there, all the music I could hear  
Was the sounding of the trumpet and the thoughts of my dear.  
Was the sounding, etc.
8. It's when I came to my senses again,  
I took a pen and ink, and I penned down the same,  
Saying: Come, all of you true lovers, come, pity, pity me;  
Come, pity my misfortune and sad misery.  
Come, pity my misfortune and sad misery.

MARY O' THE WILD MOOR.

No. 47 in Barry, No. 29 in Belden, p. 12 in Shearin, p. 19 in Pound. See in this Journal, xxvi, 355 n.

English texts: Traditional Tunes, 77; English Folk-Songs, 76.

I have two texts, both from Ohio.

One night Mary comes with her child at her bosom "wandering home to her own father's door." He does not hear her call, and she dies there, "From the winds that blew cross the wild moor."<sup>1</sup>

MC AFEE'S CONFESSION.

The following song is printed in Lomax's "Cowboy Songs" (New York, 1910), pp. 164-166. The text printed below agrees better than that of Lomax with the summaries of Belden, No. 24, and Shearin, p. 16. See Belden's comments in "Modern Philology," II, 574; and in this Journal, xxv, 12. Pound, p. 34.

<sup>1</sup> [See Helen K. Johnson, *Our Familiar Songs*, 1881, p. 305. This song circulated widely in sheet copies. Harvard College has the following English broadsides and slips: Pitts (25242.4, vol. ii, p. 59); W. S. Fortey, Catnach Press (25242.5.6 [161]); J. Catnach (25242.11.5, fol. 101; also 25242.17, vol. vii, nos. 153, 169); Jackson and Son, Birmingham (25242.17, vol. ii, no. 130); W. R. Walker, Newcastle-on-Tyne (same, vol. iv, no. 17); Cadman, Manchester (same, vol. v, no. 54); John O. Bebbington, Manchester (same, vol. ix, no. 42), and probably others. It is no. 140 of the broadsides published in New York by H. J. Wehman (Harvard, 25241.29), all of which were still in print and on sale as late as 1891. H. de Marsan published it in New York as a broadside about 1860, list 3, no. 72 (Harvard and Brown Libraries). See also *Shilling Song Book*, Boston, Ditson, cop. 1860, p. 41.]



This text was obtained through Mrs. Pearl H. Bartholomew from Mrs. M. M. Soners, both of Warren, Ind. The mother of Mrs. S. sang it to her almost fifty years ago in Ohio. Mrs. S. states that the poem records an actual occurrence, and that her mother knew Hettie Stout well.

1. Draw near young men and learn from me  
My sad and mournful history;  
And may you ne'er forgetful be  
Of all this day I tell to thee.
2. Before I arrived in my fifth year,  
My father and my mother dear  
Where [Were] both laid in their grave  
By Him who them their beings gave.
3. No more a mother's love I shared,  
No more a father's voice I heard,  
No more was I a mother's joy,  
I was a helpless orphan boy.
4. But Providence, the orphan's friend,  
A kind relief did quickly send,  
And snatched from want and penury  
Poor little orphan McAfee.
5. Beneath my uncle's friendly roof,  
From want and penury aloof,  
Nine years I was most kindly served,  
And oft his kind advice I heard.
6. But I was thoughtless, young, and gay,  
And ofttimes broke the Sabbath day.  
In wickedness I took delight,  
And ofttimes done what was not right.
7. Ah, well I mind the very day  
When from my home I ran away,  
And feigned [?] again in wickedness,  
And Satan served with eagerness.
8. At length unto me a wife I took,  
And she was gentle, kind, and good;  
And now alive would be no doubt,  
Had I not seen Miss Hettie Stout.
9. 'Twas on a pleasant summer's night,  
When all was still, the stars shone bright,  
My wife was lying on the bed,  
When I approached and to her said:
10. "Dear wife, here's medicine I brought,  
Of which for you this day I bought.  
My dear, I know it will cure you  
Of these vile fits. Pray, take it, do."

11. She gave to me one tender look,  
Then in her mouth the poison took,  
Then, by her babe upon the bed,  
Down to her last long sleep she laid.
12. But, fearing that she was not dead,  
My hands upon her throat I laid,  
And there such deep impressions made  
Her soul soon from her body fled.
13. Then was my heart filled full of woe:  
Oh, whither, whither shall I go?  
How shall I quit this mournful place?  
This world again how can I face!
14. I'd freely give up all my store,  
Had I ten thousand pounds and more,  
If I could bring again to life  
My dear, my darling, murdered wife.

*The following was said on the scaffold:*

15. Young men, young men, be warned of me,  
And shun all evil company;  
Walk in the ways of righteousness,  
And God your souls will surely bless.
16. Dear friends, I bid you all adieu;  
No more on earth shall I see you.  
In Heaven's bright and flowery plain  
I hope we all shall meet again.

NOBODY COMING TO WOO.

"There's nobody coming to marry me,  
There's nobody coming to woo."

In English Minstrelsie, ii, 120-122, entitled "Last Night the Dogs Did Bark," "a song sung by Mrs. Jordan before 1794."<sup>1</sup>

I have a text from Kansas, 1897, learned in Ohio in 1835.<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> [See garland, "Lochaber No More," Falkirk, T. Johnston, 1813, pp. 7-8 (Harvard, 25252.19, no. 61); garland "The Ewe-Boughts Marion," Stirling, M. Randall, *ca.* 1825, p. 3 (25276.19, vol. i, no. 4); garland "Five Favourite Songs," Newton-Stewart, J. M'Nairn, pp. 7-8 (25276.4, no. 18); garland "An Excellent Collection of Popular Songs," Edinburgh (25276.43.5); broadside, J. Kendrew, York (25242.5.7, p. 74); The British Neptune; or, Convivial Songster, London, Howard and Evans, p. 5, early nineteenth century (Boston Public Library); Davidson's Universal Melodist, 1848, ii, 406; Robert Ford, Vagabond Songs and Ballads of Scotland, i, 229-230; 8 N. and Q., i, 486, ii, 477; Gavin Greig, Folk-Song of the North-East, no. xviii.]

<sup>2</sup> [Printed in America early in the nineteenth century,—for example, in The Columbian Harmonist, N. Y., 1814, pp. 7-8; Songs for the Parlour, New Haven, 1818, pp. 33-34. The popularity of the song on the American stage is attested by the imitation beginning:

## AN OLD MAN CAME TO SEE ME.

The following was obtained through Mrs. Pearl H. Bartholomew from Mrs. Jane Taylor, both of Warren, Ind.

1. An old man came to see me, and his name I will not tell;  
An old man came to see me, and I liked him very well.

*Chorus.*

An old man, an old man, an old man soon turns gray;  
But a young man comes so full of love. Stand back old man, get away.

2. An old man came to see me, a-sitting on a stool,  
An old man came to see me, the blamed old sleepy fool.

*Chorus:* An old man, etc.

3. I do not like an old man, I'll tell you the reason why:  
He always [is] so slobbery; his chin is never dry.

*Chorus:* An old man, etc.

4. I'd rather have a young man with an apple in his hand,  
Than to have an old man, his house and his land.

*Chorus:* An old man, etc.

5. I'd rather have a young man with his jacket made of silk,  
Then to have an old man with forty cows to milk.

*Chorus:* An old man, etc.

## THE SOLDIER'S WOOING.

I take the title from Belden, No. 84. I have a text "learned in Canada" which agrees closely with that printed by Barry, this Journal, XXIII, 447 *et seq.* Pound, p. 14.

The story resembles that of "Erlinton" (No. 8 in Child).

## SPRINGFIELD MOUNTAIN.

This Journal has given full information about the origin of this song, and has printed 19 versions (xiii, 105-112; xviii, 295-302; xxii, 366-367; xxviii, 169). Pound, p. 19. "Springfield Mountain" is usually sung with an unintelligible refrain, but this takes many different

The dogs began to bark,  
And I peep'd out to see!  
A handsome young man was hunting;  
But he was not hunting for me!

This is known as "Nobody Coming to Marry Me." It is published "As sang by Mrs. Poe, with unbounded applause, at the New York Theatre" in *The Songster's Repository*, N. Y. (Nathaniel Dearborn), 1811, p. 74; it also appears in *The Nightingale*, N. Y. (Smith & Forman), 1814, pp. 7-8, and doubtless elsewhere.]

forms. This Journal has never printed the refrain which I heard in Berkshire County, Massachusetts, about fifty years ago.

On Springfield Mountain there did dwell  
A lovely youth I knew full well.  
Timmy-rye, timmy-ray, timmy-riddy-iddy-ay.

It seems strange to a Massachusetts man to have a stammering version of this song turn up in Professor Lomax's "Cowboy Songs" as "Rattlesnake — A Ranch Haying Song." It begins:

A nice young ma-wa-wan  
Lived on a hi-wi-will;  
A nice young ma-wa-wan,  
For I knew him we-we-well.  
To my rattle, to my roo-rah-ree!

#### SWEET SIXTEEN.

Compare No. 25 in Newell, "Games and Songs of American Children" (New York, 1903), entitled "When I Was a Shoemaker."

This amusing action-song follows the plan of "When I Was a Young Girl" (Dorset), sung in the United States by the Fuller sisters, from Dorsetshire.<sup>1</sup>

This text was obtained through Mrs. Pearl H. Bartholomew from Mrs. Ella Taylor, both of Warren, Ind.<sup>2</sup> My wife remembers taking part with other children, about forty-five years ago, in Chicopee Falls, Mass., in singing and acting a song somewhat like this, as a game.

1. When I was sweet sixteen, sweet sixteen, sweet sixteen,  
When I was sweet sixteen, 'twas this way I went;  
And that way, and this way, and that way, and this way.  
When I was sweet sixteen, 'twas this way I went.  
*(Singer pretends to be curling her hair, by twirling her fingers first one side of her head and then the other.)*
2. When I had a beau, had a beau, had a beau,  
When I had a beau, 'twas this way I went;  
And that way, and this way, and that way, and this way.  
When I had a beau, 'twas this way I went.  
*(Places the index finger first one side of the mouth and then the other.)*

<sup>1</sup> [There are many versions in Mrs. Alice B. Gomme's *Traditional Games*, ii, 362-374, 457. See also Mrs. Gomme, *Children's Singing Games*, 1894, pp. 15 ff., 63-64; Balfour, *County Folk-Lore*, vi, 117; *Folk-Lore Journal*, vii, 218-219; *Folk-Lore*, xvi, 343; Miss Burne, *Shropshire Folk-Lore*, pp. 514-515; Miss M. H. Mason, *Nursery Rhymes and Country Songs*, 1878, p. 42.]

<sup>2</sup> [I heard a version, practically identical with Mrs. Bartholomew's, sung by a New Hampshire girl some forty-five years ago. A version adapted for singing (without the movements) was published soon after 1860 by H. de Marsan, New York, as a broadside, list 17, no. 91 ("When I was Young").—G. L. K.]

3. When I had a lover, a lover, a lover,  
When I had a lover, 'twas this way I went;  
And that way, and this way, and that way, and this way.  
When I had a lover, 'twas this way I went.  
(*Rubs right hand over left, then left over right.*)
4. When I was a widow, a widow, a widow,  
When I was a widow, 'twas this way I went;  
And that way, and this way, and that way, and this way.  
When I was a widow, 'twas this way I went.  
(*Places one hand over the eyes and then the other.*)
5. When mourn year was over, was over, was over,  
When mourn year was over, 'twas this way I went;  
And that way, and this way, and that way, and this way.  
When mourn year was over, 'twas this way I went.  
(*Pretends to be curling the hair again.*)

#### THE UNLUCKY YOUNG MAN.<sup>1</sup>

Shearin, p. 35: "He exchanges oxen for a cow, the cow for a calf, the calf for a dog, the dog for a cat, the cat for a rat, the rat for a mouse, which 'took fire to her tail and burned down the house.'"

I have a text from central Kentucky, where it is well known.<sup>2</sup>

#### VILLIKENS AND HIS DINAH.<sup>3</sup>

The rich Villikens demands that his daughter Dinah dress herself to be married. She begs in vain for delay. He soon finds her in the garden dead from "a cup of cold pison."

I have a text from Louisiana. Miss Pound has a fragment, p. 18.

This ballad resembles Professor Shearin's "The Rich Margent" [Merchant], described in "The Sewanee Review" for July, 1911; but the ending there is different. "Felix her lover [not in my text

<sup>1</sup> [See Halliwell, *Nursery Rhymes*, 1st ed., 1842, nos. 4-6, pp. 6-8; 2d ed., 1843, nos. 6-8, pp. 10-12; 5th and 6th eds., no. 142, pp. 92-93; Mrs. Valentine, *Nursery Rhymes, Tales and Jingles*, no. 177, p. 105; (Rimbault) *A Collection of Old Nursery Rhymes*, no. 19, p. 24, with tune; Baring-Gould, *A Book of Nursery Songs and Rhymes*, no. 8, pp. 17-18; (W. A. Wheeler,) *Mother Goose's Melodies*, N. Y., 1877, p. 80.]

<sup>2</sup> [Cf. also Perrow, in this *Journal*, xxvi, 143-144.]

<sup>3</sup> ["Villikens and his Dinah" is from the stage. It has a long and perplexed history which I have for some time tried in vain to unravel. The published accounts are imperfect and contradictory. Professor Tolman's copy is certainly of literary origin, and was first made known (so far as I can discover) in Henry Mayhew's once famous farce, "The Wandering Minstrel." The most celebrated singer of the song was Robson, the English comic actor. The comic song in question has often been printed in the United States. See, for example, Christy's *Plantation Melodies*, No. 5, cop. 1856, p. 11; I. B. Woodbury, *The Home Melodist*, Boston, cop. 1859, pp. 18-19; Uncle Sam's Army Songster, cop. 1862, p. 24. H. de Marsan (N. Y.) issued it as a broadside ca. 1860 (list 3, No. 1), and it was also published about 1890 as a broadside by H. J. Wehman (No. 627). Words and music may still be had of music-dealers. — G. L. K.]

at all] finds Dinah with a half-empty cup of poison in her stiffening fingers:" —

He called his dear Dinah ten thousand times o'er;  
He kissed her cold corpse ten thousand times more.  
He drank up the poison like a lover so brave —  
Now Felix and Dinah both lie in one grave.

YOUNG CHARLOTTE.<sup>1</sup>

Printed in Lomax, "Cowboy Songs" (N. Y., 1910), pp. 239-242. Belden, No. 19. Barry, No. 58. In January, 1911, Mr. Barry had "13 versions from the North Atlantic States." Shearin does not record it. Pound, p. 19.

I have two versions, agreeing almost exactly to the close of the shorter one of seventy-two lines. The longer has twenty added lines. It came to me from Ohio recently. The shorter one, taken down in Kansas in 1897, probably came earlier from Ohio. It ends with the words:

Young Charlotte's eyes had closed for aye;  
Her voice was heard no more.

III. HOMILETIC BALLADS.

The preaching instinct is very characteristic of the American mind. Even among the free and easy "Cowboy Songs" collected by Professor Lomax, there are some striking poems of a homiletic nature. "McAfee's Confession," printed above, might with some fitness be placed in this group. Nine pieces in my collection plainly belong here. They have come to me with the following titles.

1. The Death of a Young Woman. A version of ninety-two lines was taken down from Miss Jane Goon, Perrysville, O.; one of fifty-six lines was copied by Mrs. Jonah Simmons Brown, Warren, Ind., from her mother's copy-book, where it is dated Dec. 10, 1842. The longer form begins:

Young ladies all, attention give,  
You that in wicked pleasures live;  
One of your sex, the other day,  
Was called by death from friends away.

2. Ingratitude: The Story of Asa Trott. See below.
3. Lines That Was Written on the Death of Anna Ross. Learned by Mrs. Elizabeth Anderson, Warren, Ind., some seventy-five years ago. She is now eighty-five. I cite the opening lines:

<sup>1</sup> See Mr. Barry's full account of the poem and its author in this Journal, xxv, 156-168.

A while before this damsel died  
 Her tongue was speechless, bound and tied;  
 At length she opened wide her eyes,  
 And said her tongue was liberalized.

She called her father to her bed,  
 And thus in dying anguish said:  
 "From meeting you have kept your child  
 To pleasures vain and wanton wild."

4. To the Young and Proud.
5. A Warning to the Sinners.
6. A Warning to the Young.
7. Wicked Polly. See below.
8. A Voice from the Dead.
9. A Voice from the Tomb.

It seems well to print two of these pieces.

#### WICKED POLLY.

Professor H. M. Belden printed a text of the ballad in this Journal (xxv, 1912, 18). In his article "An American Homiletic Ballad" ("Modern Language Notes," January, 1913, pp. 1-5) Mr. Phillips Barry printed four forms of the poem (one of them that of Belden) and some related ballads, and discussed fully their nature and relationships. The version given below seems to be in some ways the most complete and satisfactory form yet obtained. It follows somewhat closely Barry's A text throughout, then adds the last five stanzas of his B text, and closes with a general stanza that is not in any one of his four forms.

It was obtained by Miss Mary O. Eddy from Miss Jane Goon, both of Perrysville, O. I have a second version, which is incomplete.

1. Young people who delight in sin,  
 I'll tell what has lately been.  
 There was a lady young and fair,  
 Who died in sin and despair.
2. She'd go to parties, dance and play,  
 In spite of all her friends could say.  
 "I'll turn to God when I grow old,  
 And he will then receive my soul."
3. On Friday morning she took sick;  
 Her stubborn heart begins to break.  
 "Alas, alas! my days are spent;  
 It is too late for to repent."

4. She called her mother to her bed;  
Her eyes were rolling in her head.  
"When I am dead, remember well  
Your wretched Polly screams in hell.
5. "The tear is lost you shed for me;  
My soul is lost, I plainly see.  
Oh, mother, mother, fare you well!  
My soul will soon be dragged to hell.
6. "My earthly father, fare you well!  
My soul is lost and doomed to hell.  
The flaming wrath begins to roll;  
I am a lost and ruined soul."
7. She gnawed her tongue before she died.  
She rolled, and groaned, and screamed, and cried:  
"When thousand, thousand years roll round,  
With flames I shall be still surround."
8. At length the monster death prevailed;  
Her nails turned blue, her language failed.  
She closed her eyes, and left this world.  
Poor Polly down to hell was hurled.
9. It almost broke her mother's heart  
To see her child to hell depart.  
"My Polly! Oh, my Polly is dead!  
Her soul is gone, her spirit fled."
10. Good God, how did her parents [moan<sup>1</sup>],  
To think their child was dead and gone!  
"Oh, is my Polly gone to hell?  
My grief so great no tongue can tell."
11. Young people, lest this be your case,  
Return to God and seek his face.  
Upon your knees for mercy cry,  
Lest you in sin like Polly die.
12. Oh sinners! take this warning far,  
And for your dying bed prepare.  
Remember well you[r] dying day;  
And seek salvation while you may.

INGRATITUDE: THE STORY OF ASA TROTT.<sup>2</sup>

The following poem was obtained through Mrs. Pearl H. Bartholomew from Mrs. E. A. Thurston, both of Warren, Ind. It was learned

<sup>1</sup> Supplied from Mr. Barry's B text.

<sup>2</sup> [This is a curious *rifacimento* of the celebrated fabliau of La Houce Partie, for which see Barbazan-Méon, iv, 472 ff.; Montaiglon and Raynaud, i, 82 ff. (translated, as "The Divided



by Mrs. T. fifty years ago from the recitation of her father. Stanza 6 of "The Old Bedquilt" shows that the piece was a formal composition intended for print.

*Preface.*

This little story tells you of one Asa Trott,  
 Who paid a great price for the little he got.  
 "Buy truth," saith the Scripture; so truth can be bought;  
 And wisdom is purchased when earnestly sought.  
 But for things of less value poor Asa took thought;  
 He coveted land, and he gave for a lot  
 His conscience, his comfort, his peace every jot;  
 But found at the last he had labored for naught.  
 Poor Asa, he found "there was death in the pot."  
 With conscience insulted, hard battles are fought.  
 Of his land, Asa wanted at last but a spot  
 Where his sins and his sorrows might all be forgot.  
 Take warning, my friend, by poor Asa Trott;  
 Nor barter your love for what satisfies not.

*The Old Bedquilt.*

1. The autumn winds were blowing cold,  
 The summer bloom was o'er;  
 And Mr. Trott, infirm and old,  
 Entered the cottage door.
2. With feeble step and wistful look,  
 Trembling with cold and age,  
 He tottered to the chimney nook,  
 But heard a voice of rage, —
3. "I hate this mean old elbow-chair,  
 Forever in my way.  
 Say, do you think that I will bear  
 To have it here all day?"
4. The aged man with tears replies:  
 "My work on earth is done.  
 But, since my presence you despise,  
 Where shall I go, my son?"
5. "You need not ask;" said Asa Trott,  
 "The almshouse is in view.  
 Before this time you should have thought  
 It was the place for you."

Blanket," by Isabel Butler, *Tales from the Old French*, 1910, pp. 111 ff.), ii, 1 ff. (two forms). For the general story see Jacques de Vitry, ed. Crane, p. 121 (many references at p. 260), and cf. the 78th tale in Grimm. An eighteenth-century broadside ballad, "The Slighted Father, or The Unnatural Son justly Reclaimed," belongs with this group of stories. It begins, "A wealthy man of late, we hear." Of this the Harvard College Library has several copies (25242.19, vol. i, p. 59; 25242.4, vol. i, p. 190; 25242.2, fol. 6, and one or two more.]

6. My little reader, think of that.  
    Poor grandpa said no more;  
    But, taking up his tattered hat,  
    He staggered to the door.
7. Beneath a naked apple-tree,  
    Whose autumn leaves were shed,  
    He sat him down, and on his knees  
    Reclined his aching head.
8. At last he heard a gentle sound;  
    And little Thomas said:  
    "Why sits my grandpa on the ground?  
    And what does ail his head?"
9. "Alas, my son, I have no more  
    A place to call my own;  
    And I must join the pauper poor,  
    Supported by the town.
10. "But I am very cold, my dear,  
    My strength is nearly gone.  
    I must not stay and perish here;  
    That would be doing wrong.
11. "Go to my chamber, little son;  
    (I take it without guilt,  
    For by my wife those seams were run)  
    Go, bring my patch-work quilt."
12. With swelling heart poor Thomas ran,  
    Determined now to know  
    If his own father was the man  
    Who treated grandpa so.
13. Now Asa, in a sullen mood,  
    Was posting books that day;  
    And Tommie said: "'Tis very rude  
    To send grandpa away.
14. "Pray tell me now, what has he done,  
    That you should treat him so?"  
    Said Madame Jenny, "Hold your tongue."  
    Said Asa, "Let him go."

*Remorse.*

1. To grandpa's chamber Tommie went,  
    And now his sorrows found a vent  
    In bitter tears at last.  
    "But grandpa waits," he sobbing said;  
    Then snatched the quilt from off the bed,  
    And down the stairway passed.

2. Then close to father's ear he drew,  
And whispered: "Cut this quilt in two;  
Grandfather needs but half.  
You'll want the other half, when poor  
And old I drive you from the door,  
And at your sorrows laugh."
3. The father started with surprise.  
"Oh, Tommie, if you e'er despise  
And treat your father thus,  
May Heaven" — he paused with sudden dread,  
And felt upon his guilty head  
That stern, half-uttered curse.
4. The boy had raised a mirror there;  
He saw himself with hoary hair,  
Scorned by his darling son,  
Doomed at the last to wander forth,  
A vagabond upon the earth,  
Till life's last sands were run.
5. And conscience, too, held high its glass;  
O'er it he saw a spectre pass,  
Fiendlike ingratitude.  
It changed into the deathless worm,  
Whose fostering [fester]ing wo[u]nds forever burn.  
He saw, and understood.
6. "Dear Tommie, take my hand," he said;  
And Tommie to the garden led  
Poor Asa bowed with shame.  
And then he fell upon his knees,  
Beneath the withered apple-trees,  
And called his father's name.
7. That father raised his head and heard  
"Forgive!" It was a single word;  
But on his withered face,  
A smile proclaimed the pardon won;  
He held his loved but long-lost son  
In close and warm embrace.
8. 'Twas rapture to the little boy,  
And angels heard the sound with joy,  
When, in a humble tone,  
Repentant Asa, sad but calm,  
Said: "Father, lean upon my arm,  
And let us now go home."
9. Now in the chimney's warmest nook  
Sat grandpa with the holy book,  
His countenance serene.

But dimmer grew his sunken eye;  
A cough proclaimed that he would die  
Before the grass was green.

10. And Asa watched him day by day,  
And wept alone, and tried to pray  
That God his life would save.  
But still the old man weaker grew,  
And nearer still each day he drew  
Unto the silent grave.
11. He saw that unto Asa's heart  
Remorse had sent its keenest dart;  
And so he sought to hide  
The death-hue of his withered cheek;  
And, when [he was] extremely weak,  
To walk he vainly tried.
12. But grief on that old heart still fed,  
Although its last, last tear was shed;  
Life's sea had been so rough.  
But now the voyage was almost o'er,  
Sweet voices from the spirit shore  
Cried, "Come; it is enough."
13. But through the long and dreary night,  
And through the day, however bright,  
Asa was by his bed.  
He put aside his snowy hair,  
He bathed his brow with tend'rest care,  
And propt his sinking head.
14. 'Twas just before the dawn of day,  
That Asa heard him feebly say:  
"Forget what is forgiven.  
Remember; it is my dying prayer;  
Forget the past and meet me there,  
In heaven, my son, in heaven."